

Fall 1962

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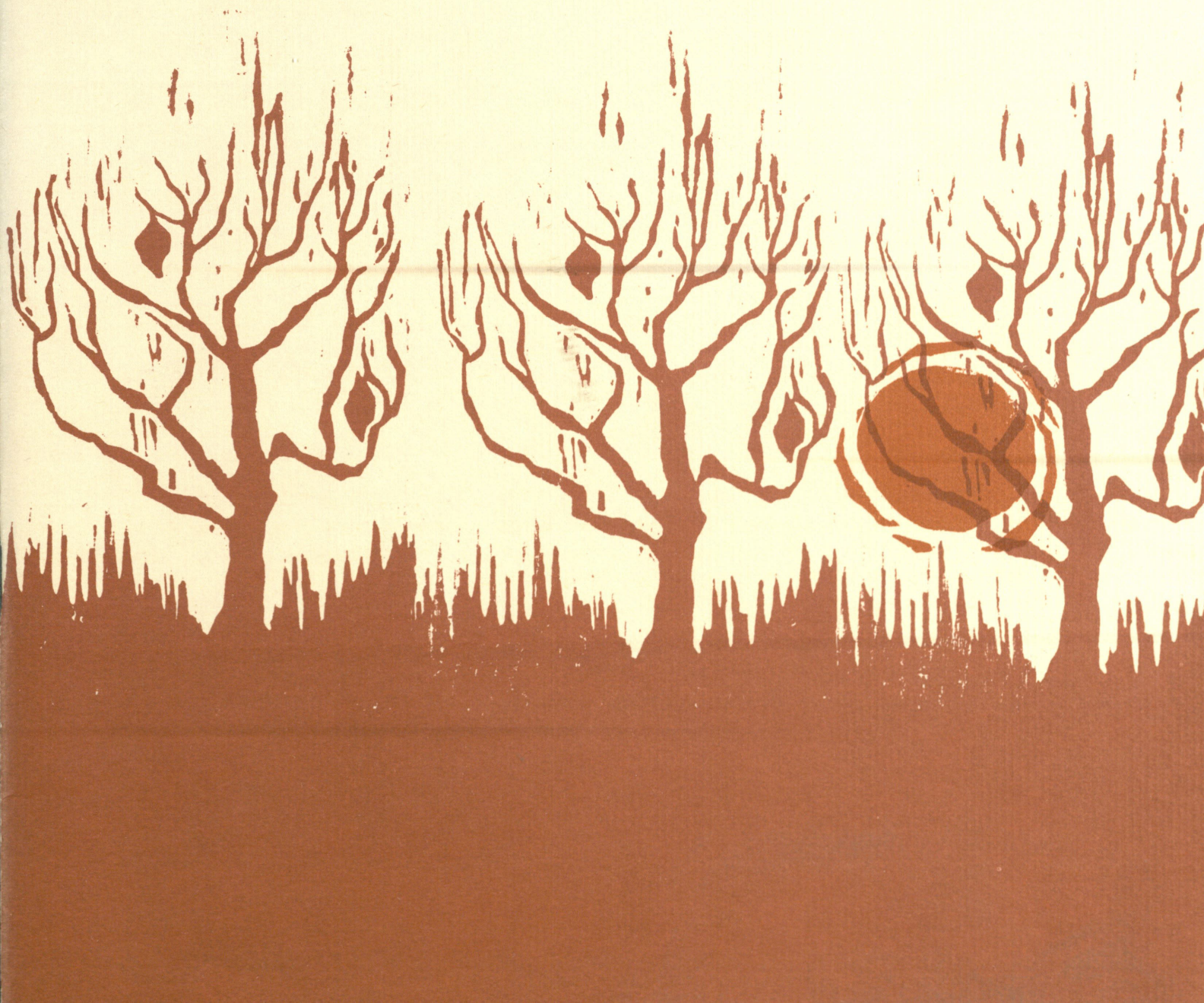
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LIGHTER



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insurance ...
at my
age
?**



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THE LIGHTER

*The Literary - Humor - Variety
Quarterly
of Valparaiso University*

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CONTENTS:

- 2 Time Out: comment by the editor
- 3 The Lawnmower Saga, Or Life Among the Lowly: a satire
- 4 All Purpose Answers for Every Occasion
- 6 All That Is Fickle: a short story
- 9 Grey Blue Sorrow: poetry
- 10 Lake Michigan: poetry
- 11 Freshman Lighter Lovely
- 14 I Give To Synka: poetry
- 15 Art
- 19 Synka: poetry
- 20 Lighter Lit: Archibald MacLeish's J. B.
- 22 A Beginner's Guide for Observing Pseudo-Intellectuals: a satire
- 23 The Beacon Revisited: a picture story
- 27 Tower Into Eternity: a fantasy
- 28 Religious Instruction and the University: an essay
- 30 Introspection in Verse: poetry
- 31 Cartoon



TIME OUT

For those of you who have peered suspiciously at this latest piece of bait thrown out for your examination and perhaps have nibbled at the edges by flipping over the pages, looking at the pictures, scanning a poem or maybe even reading one of the articles, you have now turned to this page to find out just what it is all about. You suspect that somewhere there should be a glossary or at least a few notes to interpret this conglomeration of words, topic and sub-topic sentences, paragraphs Particulars and Details I and II. Or perhaps you are only trying to extend your study break a few more minutes and have decided that you might as well read this before you write out your German sentences or figure out the next chemistry formula.

It will probably be quite obvious that we are not presenting you a Marlowe or Michelangelo or even a Max Shulman or Ben Shahn. None of what we print do we expect to become world famous, win prizes, or get on book lists. Self-defeating as it seems we know that in a week — maybe in an hour — you will have forgotten everything printed here except that on page fifteen "cat" was spelled wrong. We won't be giving a pop quiz in the next issue so we cannot even hold that threat over your heads. And what difference would it make when all of a sudden we are faced with some catastrophic international crisis? You know the old line about "One hundred years from now (if there's any body still around), who's going to know? or care? The danger of this philosophy is that it can be applied to practically everything.

Let's take another look at what happened when you stopped for a moment and actually read one of the poems or articles. You had the chance to meet a few more people on this campus, maybe people completely different from those you have associated with all your life. Or you are finding people saying things you have thought about but could never express. The contributors had the chance to tell you something about themselves and something about the world in which we are all living — or a world of fantasy in which we wish we could live. Obviously many of these things would never come up in a five-minute conversation while you were waiting for a prof to get to class. And all the while you were reading, the learning process — whatever that is — was going on, even if it only meant chuckling over a joke.

Learning doesn't necessarily mean a strictly regimented system of questions and answers; that can often become more of a hindrance than a help. All it needs is a mind ready to listen to new expressions and strange ideas, and most of all a mind ready to

say, "I don't know everything," and ready to laugh at its mistakes, for

"laughter is surely

The surest touch of genius in creation.

Would you ever have thought of it, I ask you,

If you had been making man, stuffing him full

Of such hopping greeds and passions that he has

To blow himself to pieces as often as he

Conveniently can manage it . . . ?

That same laughter . . . is an irrelevancy

Which almost amounts to revelation."

The paradox of man is revealed in these lines from Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning*. When you find yourself laughing — not with the smirk of ridicule or the cackle of pride — at a cartoon or TV comic, it is not necessarily because of something incongruous with your way of life but because the truth or reality of your own situation has been made more clear — "the irrelevancy that amounts to revelation." Can't we find something silly or ridiculous in all of man's strivings which always end in disaster? The present situation is built up to fantastic proportions and if just for a second you could stand back and take another look it would seem similar to an old Keystone cops flicker.

So if we can entertain you for only several moments, perhaps we have done more for you to understand this world than if you had read the complete texts of President Kennedy's speeches in the newspapers. Not that we are advocating for you to become a full-time clown; people like that are as unbearable as the self-pitying tragedian. Read both, remembering that there is really nothing new under the sun. Someone has said that there are only ten distinct plots that exist in literature. This statement hasn't deterred too many writers, or readers for that matter. The uniqueness of life, and therefore of the arts, doesn't lie in the experience itself but that each individual discovers the experience for himself.

TIME IN —

Most magazines usually run a feature in each issue announcing the great features and famous artists that will appear in their next issue. For this magazine to do so would require the use of a crystal ball or at least a few tea leaves. Therefore we would be most joyful if those of you who would like to contribute to our next issue would appear in more than spiritual form with manuscripts before the Christmas vacation to the *Lighter* office. (For those who prefer to remain anonymous just slip your contributions — preferably non-explosive — beneath the editor's door.)

— J. S.

The Lawnmower Saga: or Life Among the Lowly

Pat Hall

I own a bug. Not a fly, bee, or even a spider, but a Volkswagen. And this simple fact of ownership makes me unique in the world of men, and women too. Owning a Volkswagen immediately puts me in a group apart from anyone else in his right mind — or so think those owners of chrome-plated peripatetic juke-boxes.

The uninitiated imagine Volkswagens as some sort of mythological beast, like the unicorn. (Perhaps this is due in part to those cute little slogans on the tails of some VW's saying: "Made in the Black Forest by Elves.") At any rate, they end up believing, if they don't stop to think about it, that a Volkswagen will disappear if it should happen to get in their way. And on a 65 mile-an-hour tollway, this idea is lethal, to me anyway. Often trailer-truck drivers blithely assume that my bug and I will go sailing neatly in between their rear axles and pop out in front of them unscathed. This is why they always pull into my lane just as I am ready to pass them. As I toot distinctively at them, they will always, without fail, glance over at me astonished. They are astonished because I didn't disappear.

This brings us to perhaps the most interesting attitude that a majority of people have when it comes to Volkswagens. They fancy themselves to be undiscovered Bob Hopes or at least Shelley Bermans when they corner a VW owner. I am constantly subjected to "Volkswagen jokes." I guess people assume I can take a joke, because, after all, I really do own one of those goofy small cars. It usually happens after dinner. We are all sitting there, enjoying that comfortable feeling, when the host looks at me with a funny glint in his eye, "So you own a Volkswagen." I steel myself and answer in the affirmative. "Well," he continues, undaunted by my glassy stare, "Have you ever heard this one?" Then he proceeds to tell me the old stand-by about the new VW owner who suddenly discovers he has no engine in the front of his car, and frantically telephones another VW owner. The second owner tells him that it's perfectly all right because he has an extra one in his trunk. At this point my host is literally convulsed with laughter and hardly notices that I'm grabbing for my coat.

At Christmas I can always expect one of my wittier friends to send me a large plastic key which I can easily attach to the rear of my car. This gift always reminds him of the joke about the Volkswagen that was being honked at for going too slowly. (Incidentally, I'm sure I can hit 75 going downhill with a good tailwind now that my mechanically inclined brother has souped up the engine.) Back to the story: the honked-at driver turns to his persecutors and shouts, "Don't honk — I'm pedalling as fast as I can."

And then there are the resourceful gas station at-

(continued on page 31)



All Purpose Answers For Every Occasion

Realizing the importance of using the right word at the right time, the LIGHTER presents for your approval and use (the Scholarship Committee has not decided whether or not this constitutes unauthorized aid) the first chapter in Dr. P. T. Shams' latest best seller **How to Succeed in College Without Really Trying** which is entitled "Test?????" Important words and phrases have been marked for easy reference. And let us keep before us the mortal words of Dr. Sham, "It doesn't matter who's test you're taking, it's the thought behind it that counts."

- I. 1) What is the average rainfall of Easter Island?
2) Define the term "state" in regard to Plato's **Republic**.
3) What is the largest sphere that can be dipped into a conical wine glass without displacing its contents?

This question consists in more than meets the eye. Not only has this puzzled the ancients but also into the modern age books have been filled dealing with this specific problem. In contrast to the ancients, however, the twentieth century has a more modern and contemporary attitude, as for example, Conolly in his **Attitudes of the Twentieth Century** points out. On the other hand it is not impossible to see a parallel line of thought between the ancients and Madison Avenue over this problem. In order to more fully answer this question it is necessary to define a few more basic terms which will make the answer more self-evident than is already seen. In other words what we have here is the unanswerable paradox of the ages.

shows an awareness of history

illustrates outside reading

sounds very nice

shows an awareness of world situation

sounds nice—shall be abbreviated as SN hereafter

defining terms is a hobby with scholars

- II. 1) Compare and contrast Thoreau and Marvell.
2) What were the effects of the Whiskey Rebellion on the French Revolution?
3) Outline the process of asexual reproduction of the **pseudosciens**.

In this question one can immediately see several alternative answers. The first and probably the more simple and to-the-point would be No. However, a second look reveals a complex structure lying beneath the surface and one cannot overlook the possibility of a third or fourth level of meaning. Time plays an important role in the development and also the effect of climate. The inner structure lies on a firm foundation brought

SN

Time and climate both part of basic test vocabulary

shows awareness of depth of prof's mind

SN

the printing press
can always be
used as an
explanation for
everything

about probably by the discovery of the printing press. Though it is essential that one not overlook the background, it would seem that in conclusion one could agree with the author of the text.

this only applies
when prof agrees
with text

- III. 1) Complete this equation: $\text{H}_2\text{SO}_3 + \text{KMNO}_4 \rightarrow$
- 2) If Player A strikes Player B while both are out of bounds and in the air, who gets to blow the whistle and what is the score?
- 3) Discuss the symbolic content of the lily in **Immensee** (or any other work you can think of).

background is
necessary when
all else fails

The history that lies behind this question is as fascinating as the topic itself, and should be included for a basic understanding. During the barbaric invasions in western Europe it was evident that these people lacked the unifying element that had existed in the Roman Empire. Subsequently there was disorder and confusion until after the Reformation. By the 18th century a resurgence of feeling gave recognition to the existence of structure in society. Today one finds it necessary to deny the 19th century supposition of **laissez faire** and uphold the elements of basic individual liberty. Thus one can see how the 20th century has upheld these principles in constructing a symbol for our times. While this does not mean that one can jump to conclusions about the gravitational force in general, it would seem possible to rule out the effect of the Industrial Revolution on any of these.

illustrates
concept of cause
and effect

impressive in
certain regions
similar to words
"flag" and
"motherhood"

foreign words are
always impres-
sive — spell
correctly,
however

SVN

this, like the
printing press is
popular as a
cause

- IV. 1) Construct a theoretical maze where a rat is given an approach-approach frustration.
- 2) Show how James 4:12 is an example of Trinity XXIX.
- 3) What is the major issue in education?

sounds extremely
nice

From the existentialist point of view one can make two basic distinctions revolving around the theory found in **No Exit**. Here we find man in a reduced state capable of understanding only sense perceptions. The negative reaction is, of course, obvious but is unavoidable. Here we see two opposites in conflict in the universal dichotomy of men. Several relative factors which allow for change bring about a unique if only sub-consciously realized chaos. Thus one can conclude that the inevitable is false.

Any philosophical
discussion
weakens prof's
morale

two favorite
words of many
intellectuals

SVN

it usually is



art|Henry Steinman

All That Is Fickle

a short story

by Becky McGrew

I should never have accepted a job in that part of the country with such grandiose ideas in my head. I remember now, that as I first traveled through the wide, rolling country I was thinking with a characteristic superciliousness I did not then recognize in myself, that it was a great pity that a land so fine in its outward aspects should be blighted thus by a sin that shamed the nation. My performance, I felt, would be like a breath of fresh air in a dank section of the country; I had been in arguments and bull sessions enough with people from those parts to know that their problem could not be easily whisked away; that people would resent the intrusion of "enlightened" outsiders into their cache of jealously gripped pride and fear and prejudice. I shoved to the back of my mind my notions of being this century's answer to Abe Lincoln and considered instead the snarl of trouble I was entering, the strength of character and humility I should need, and wondered if I would have whatever it was I needed to carry out the vague plans I had for this "evil-ridden" land. I did not wonder very much; I felt I had a character of steel. I was quite confident in myself.

I'm not really sure why they took the application for principal of someone from outside their domain. They had had considerable difficulty with their school administration for various political reasons which remained obscure to me. There had been four school principals in the two years before I arrived; I never found out what all the pettifoggery was. While I was there, little allusions to shady goings-on in the past kept scuttling around in all the undergrowth of suppressed tensions, and at times I was rather alarmed by the implications. I suppose they were simply desperate, and rather than wait for someone from one of the schools in that part of the country to fill the vacancy (it seems people were leery of that ill-famed opening) they inquired at the U. of M. I was preparing for my masters exams in educational supervision, and I leaped the the opportunity as a stimulating challenge. I had made application at several schools near my home, but I was primarily interested in the job at Thomas Edison Elementary School in the Suwanomee County Seat, Bradshaw. Apparently the powers there were interested in me too, enough at least for them to send me the contract.

So, on June 26, two years ago, I arrived in Bradshaw. The day, though not awfully hot, was humid, and driving was uncomfortable. I wanted to go first to the school, where I might stay until I found rooms. First, though, I pulled up at a gas station just outside town.

"Fill it up — regular."

The young attendant raised his eyebrows with something of disapproval when I spoke, and glanced over my loaded car. I climbed out, stiff from the long haul of my last stage into Bradshaw, and went to get a drink. There were two drinking fountains.

I had heard and read about it all before, but seeing it finally, so crude and un-subtle was something of a

blow. I bristled with the rage of thwarted justice. What a noble young freedom fighter I was! I got a Coke instead and walked back to the car where the young man was washing the windshield.

"You're a mighty long way from home. You passin' through or plannin' to stay awhile?"

"No, Bradshaw's going to be home sweet home now." I couldn't get used to the speed of his speech. I felt a little nettled at being treated like a stranger, and then finding that I was one — we talked a different language, though grammar and vocabulary were the same.

He frowned slightly when I said I was staying, but he sensed my discomfort, looked up, smiled, and said, "Well, welcome to the Suwanomee County Seat. Hope you like it. Mighty good little town, and not so little at that. Lived here fourteen years myself, and we got a lot to be proud of. I seen quite a few cities in my time, too."

"Why, thanks. I'm quite eager to get acquainted here." At my request he gave me directions to the school. He stood watching me with that frown that I felt to be hostile, as I drove out onto the highway.

I knew as I drove through the town that he'd given me a "nice route." It seemed a rather involved way to get to the school; and I passed the pleasant sections of town — nice clean shops, brick buildings with white trim, a big ostentatious courthouse, clean white houses with clean well-kept lawns and clean white fences. I lost the way, but finally found the right road and came to the school about three in the afternoon. It was an ordinary institution in the style of the late forties; three long buildings of brown brick were parallel to each other and to the street; large windows from halfway up the building to the roof, the window frames and heavy doors painted dark green. There was a lawn in front and a flagpole ringed with petunias — in other words, a very schoolish-looking school. The center of the first building was a large, vacant-sounding hallway, with the elementary school smell of chalk and old books and grubby children.

The first room on the right was open to the hall with a long counter, at one end of which was a dusty rubber plant with two or three dead leaves. In spite of a small air conditioning unit in one window, the clerk who came to the counter looked hot and wilted; her shoulders slumped and her hair looked as if she'd barely touched it since she woke up. She brightened, though, when I told her my name and came through a door into the hallway to escort me to the superintendent's office. She had that officious waggle of forty-year old secretaries who have been wearing high heels for a long time, and an unpleasantly flat, nasal voice.

"Mr. Mason, he's finally here," she announced.

Dr. Mason greeted me cordially, shaking my hand in both of his, as if he could extend twice as much hospitality by that gesture, dismissed the officious clerk, and sat me down in a big imitation-leather chair with a push. I remember the whoosh of air that came

from the cushion as I sat down; it seemed to represent my own tacit, "Whew! Here-I-am-for-better-or-worse."

Dr. Mason returned to his chair behind an immense desk and looked at me steadily for a moment before he spoke. When he did speak, he seemed to be looking above my eyes, at my eyebrows or something — it made me nervous. His office was scrupulously neat and stern. On his desk was a pair of bookends, each an oblong steel platform supporting a plain, heavy steel sphere the size of a tennis ball. The bookends were padded underneath with green felt thick enough to be seen from the side. I never think about Dr. Mason without the ever-present association of those bookends. They are as much a part of him for me as his ears. On the walls were a map of the Suwanomee County school district with the school areas blocked out in pink and yellow, a grim portrait of Thomas Edison, two photographs of fighter planes, and his doctor of education diploma.

We talked, or rather he talked for nearly an hour. He spoke with that sharp, quick, clipped enunciation that had displeased me in the gas-station attendant. It was much faster and rather brittle; the d's pronounced almost like t's, syllables cut apart, and long vowels shortened somewhat. He showed me around the buildings. I was not surprised to see that there were no double drinking fountains here. We walked back through the center hallway and out to the front, and he told me where I might stay.

"The Viceroy would be your best bet. The Hotel Bradshaw has been going downhill the last few years. The mottled problem, you know. They're moving closer into that part of town all the time. They're aggressive, you know; you can't hold them back. You'd better try the Viceroy. Two blocks north from the courthouse on Ames Street."

We were standing by the flagpole, and at his parting words my jaws tightened almost involuntarily. "Young man, Thomas Edison School is dedicated to the finest ideals of elementary education. We are determined to train children in their early formative years to be law-abiding, peace-loving, responsible citizens who can uphold and honor the traditions of our rich past. We're proud of our fine heritage here, and we think it ought to be preserved. You'll find some things different from your part of the country, but we're sure you'll see our problems in our light and respect the way we've tried to handle them. I feel confident that you're a man who will conform to our methods of progress. Good-bye, sir. We'll see you tomorrow at eight o'clock."

I went to the Hotel Viceroy.

I have written this in such detail because I want you to understand the frame of mind in which I went to Bradshaw. You see, I disliked the first three persons I met there for no particular reason, and I despised their town. I still feel quite sure that my stand on the question of skin-color prejudice is right, but I went about making it known in the wrong way. I went to Bradshaw with a negative, supercilious attitude toward everything there. I was the great reformer, the friend of the down-trodden, the scourge of the unrighteous, the bringer of light to benighted people. I didn't know what I was up against; in fact I still don't. Maybe it is just plain hatred in people that expresses itself in a more obvious, brutal way, though it will turn up wherever I go in some form. I am not saying that the problem can be solved without force. It may take a tremendous upheaval to set things straight. Perhaps I'm all wet, and there really is something different about the mottled that prohibits their mixture with us. I don't

know. I tried to cope with the problem, and I was wrong.

Those three months in Bradshaw were fast-moving and hard. School started late in September, and the days until then were crowded more with the tension in my mind than with the actual business to be done. I soon found a small apartment and moved in, not too far from the borderline of the mottled section of town, which was enemy territory. I was trying to comprehend and systematize my task as principal of Thomas Edison School, but I was preoccupied with another confounding problem. I had a choice between fighting the segregation system in little ways from the beginning, or waiting until school opened when I could make a real coup. The first choice was attractive simply because the thought of complying with the system at all repelled me; that attitude had been bred out of me, and I didn't want to adopt it, even tentatively, for any reason. On the other hand I knew that if I were uncompliant from the beginning I risked the opportunity to make a really useful stand for my cause when it might count. Unconformity might make the citizens suspicious, and their suspicion might be fatally crippling to my position. However, if I complied then, I was a little afraid for my own ability to resist popular appeal and strike out when the time would be appropriate. The result of this conflict was that I made a few feeble attempts to resist; it was, of course, completely ineffective, for people merely attributed my unconventional action to my ignorance. Twice I drank out of the wrong drinking fountain, once I went to the wrong section of a restaurant, and once I stepped off a crowded sidewalk to let by a mottled mother with a baby carriage. I was observed with casual displeasure, but nothing extraordinary happened. There was one incident when one of the Thomas Edison teachers was examining a reader I had recommended to her, and when she came across the name G. M. Hopkins in a poetry section she snapped the book shut, said it was quite out of the question for her to use it, and thereafter treated me quite coolly. I never did understand that; but it struck me then as being somehow related to my problem.

School opened on Tuesday, September 28, and the first day went quite smoothly, except for a few complications with a shipment of fourth grade arithmetic books and a crate of pencils. There was a write-up about me in the paper, biographical and quite complimentary. It was that article that started things off, I guess. It told where I was raised. The second morning a young woman brought in her two children to register them for school. She had light red hair and freckles on her face and arms. The little boy and girl looked like her, with white skin covered with freckles.

She had gone to the front counter where the startled clerk, Mrs. Wilcox, had demanded her to leave immediately. My office door was open, and I heard the disturbance in the hall before the woman appeared in the doorway holding the two children by the hand. Mrs. Wilcox came trotting awkwardly behind and shouted to me over the woman's shoulder, "I'm very sorry, sir; I tried to keep them out, but they just barged in!"

"All right, Mrs. Wilcox, I'll take care of it." She opened her mouth to say something, but shut it again, glared at the intruders, and left.

I looked at the young woman and realized sharply how ridiculous the whole thing was. In her own way, she really looked rather pretty in spite of the freckles. She seemed actually to be a respectable person. And

she was a person and wanted to be treated like one.

"I want to register my children," she said in the brisk, clipped inflection of that part of the country.

"Why, of course." I took out the registration forms and filled them out for her. Harold and Heidi Ericson, grades six and four. I accompanied them to the classrooms. We went out the back door of the hall; from the corner of my eye I could see a little group of secretaries standing at the front end watching me aghast, and I made it a point not to notice them.

We walked through the playground to the second building and the sixth grade classroom. Miss Cook, the teacher, was a hefty belligerent woman who took one look at us as we came in and bellowed, "Get those frecks out of here!" Mrs. Ericson didn't wince. I showed the boy to an empty desk.

"Miss Cook," I said, "in less than five minutes I'll be back and if the least thing is out of order here, you're fired." She glowered at me and marched out of the classroom. The children were immediately in an uproar; but I quieted them quickly, told them to get out their readers and be absolutely still. For some reason I retained enough authority to keep them under control, at least until they thought I was out of hearing distance. I don't know what possessed me to be so foolish as to leave the mottled boy there alone.

Mrs. Kanow, the same teacher who had turned down the book I recommended was beginning her class with a song. When we came in, she stopped abruptly, gasped, and dashed from the room. I told Mrs. Ericson to stay there with her daughter, and walked out of the room, nearly colliding with the purple-faced figure of Dr. Mason. He grabbed me by the arm and walked me back to the office building. All three buildings were in an uproar. In front of the sixth grade room the little mottled boy crouched, wailing at the top of his lungs and covering his left eye with one hand, while a group of pure boys stood around jeering in the ugliest eruption of naked hatred I've ever had the misfortune to see. I began to know what I had done. I tried to yank my arm away but couldn't.

Again I was sat forcefully into the chair with the whoosh of air from the cushion, the hard ugly book-ends in front of me, and the fighter planes on the wall. I expected a raving, furious tirade; but Dr. Mason started in low, unusually slow tone, with the slowness of a steam roller.

"I was afraid you'd be up to something like this. I knew it. I warned you not to try anything. I don't know what is the matter with you people — you just don't catch on very fast, do you? Can't leave well enough alone; you know it all, don't you?" His voice got higher and more strained, and his neck throbbed visibly. "Well you just take a look out that window and see if you know it all!"

The commotion I could hear in the schoolyard was knowledge enough of what I had accomplished.

"This is asinine!" I sputtered. "These are people; you can't treat them like animals!"

"They're frecks!" he roared. "They're frecks and we're pure and the two can't be mixed. It's impossible. They'll push their way into everything till they've taken over the country, and that's just what they're trying to do. They want supremacy, and they'll do anything to get it. Do you realize what would happen?"

"What difference would it make? They're not different from us. They're just people!"

He lowered his voice and said icily, "We stand on the Holy Scriptures, Leviticus 13:4, you can read for yourself, plain black and white print, the word of the

Lord. Would you like your kid to marry a freck? Well, would you? It's easy enough for you to say you don't care — there aren't any frecks in your part of the country. But that's what they're out to do. They're trying to marry into the pures til everybody's freckled, and they're not going to sit back until they have their way!" I couldn't say anything. "Get out of here freck-lover," he said without expression, not looking at me. "I don't want to see your crumby face again. Now Get Out!"

I went to my apartment, piled everything helter-skelter into suitcases, carried it to the car and threw them in. It was ten a.m. and the people were beginning to come around. They were quiet, just walking and milling around and watching, watching. At ten fifteen I locked the house door, put the key in the mailbox, got into the car and started it. Somebody shouted something, I didn't hear what. I backed down out of the drive way. The people cleared out of my way slowly. A sharp loud crack at my left made me jump. The window was a pale green mosaic of cracked glass. As I left Bradshaw, the crowd behind me was chanting, "Freckle-lover, freckle-lover, freckle-lover. . . ."

Grey-blue Sorrow

Saline solution

*salt and water, warm
stains along his cheek
shiny
reflecting grey-blue
sorrow*

*. . . reach for me,
I am here . . .*

Groping hand

*extended into brown haze
(life pauses; it cannot wait)
guarded eyes glimmer recognition
Gnawed-out hollows
swirling doubt, despair, terror*

*. . . touch me
reach for me
(who knows how?)*

*Somebody
please*

. . . touch me . . .

— Bonnie Thormeyer

Lake Michigan

I

*A curled dry oakleaf comes skittering to me over dry sand,
Rolling, running fast on its pointed leaf-tip feet,
Shouting, singing in its cracked old leaf-voice
"Wait, wait! I'm still young yet — see me full of vigor!
See me running to you over this hard sand."*

*A sand-trough catches him up and he lies there
While the wind blows over
Without him.*

II

*My shadow hardens on the sand
As the sun comes out
From behind that thick cloud
That held him
While my shadow melted.*

III

*You, ladybug, what do you know about sand?
You flew on my leg and I shouted — a fly!
And I struck you to the sand.*

*You, flipped, six legs screaming help,
Pulled sand boulders down on your head
And only dug in deeper.*

*Like a circus strong man you balanced your
six legs skyward beneath my finger tip
And hung on.
You ran along my hand and I said,
Fly away home, with a push.*

*You would not, but found my watch and
and crawled along the band,
liking the metal best.
I said, It's a fiery hot day, can't you
feel it there?
You shook your head and ran joyfully to
my fingernail.*



*I said, But your children will burn.
And you laughed and pushed sand off your face
with your tiny front legs.
Oh, you ladybug, don't you know the rules?*

— Pat Hall

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LOVELY

Julie Kaye



What Valpo needs is a good 10,000 foot mountain or two, or at least Freshman Lighter Lovely Julie Kaye thinks this would make her feel more at home. She is used to quite a few mountains coming from Boulder, Colorado, and the Valparaiso moraine doesn't seem quite like the real thing to her.

However, Julie is ready to make room for the many new experiences of University life plus bringing with her the favorite enthusiasms of Before Valpo — watching a quick-paced basketball game, dancing, playing piano and cooking. If you would happen to hear her mention "purple passion," she wouldn't be talking about the latest, lurid movie from Hollywood but her prize concoction she dished up in the sweet shop where she worked last summer. Right now Julie's finding enjoyment from her classes and professors and the fact that the campus is smaller and more friendly than she imagined it would be.

What about After Valpo? Perhaps a career in interior design or first maybe a trip around the world. First stops: Rome and Madrid.



Thanks to:
 Anne Hartman and Ron White Props
 Norman Koerwitz Photographer

I GIVE TO SYNKA

Synka, what can I give to you?

*I can't give you the tinkle of gold,
Nor the shine of diamonds,
Nor the rugs from Persia or China.*

*But in Winter —
The tinkle of crystal clear icicles are yours,
While overhead the stars
Outshine all the diamonds of Solomon.
The hills and valleys will be covered
With the richness of snow.
The patterns of animal tracks
Shall far exceed those of man-made looms.*

*Nor shall you possess the sleek curve of a car
Lunging forward as it stands still.
But we can see the beauty
Of the plow-horses' powerful haunches.
The symmetry of a tree,
Not of the architect, shall be ours.
You'll not be enveloped in the sweep of silk,
But the hawk, making slow, circles
The bend of the rainbow,
The fulness of the clouds,
A river's bend, shall be yours.*

*The gilded, the vaingloriousness, the opulent,
The expensively exquisite, others will buy.
I shall give you
A whisper before a fire,
A tender kiss on your neck,
A love as firm and beautiful as the hills.
I shall present them to you.
Also the wind from the lakes,
Springs lunging from the earth after winter,
and forever.*

*To you, Synka, I will give myself,
And together, we shall have the world.*

— John Kachmarik

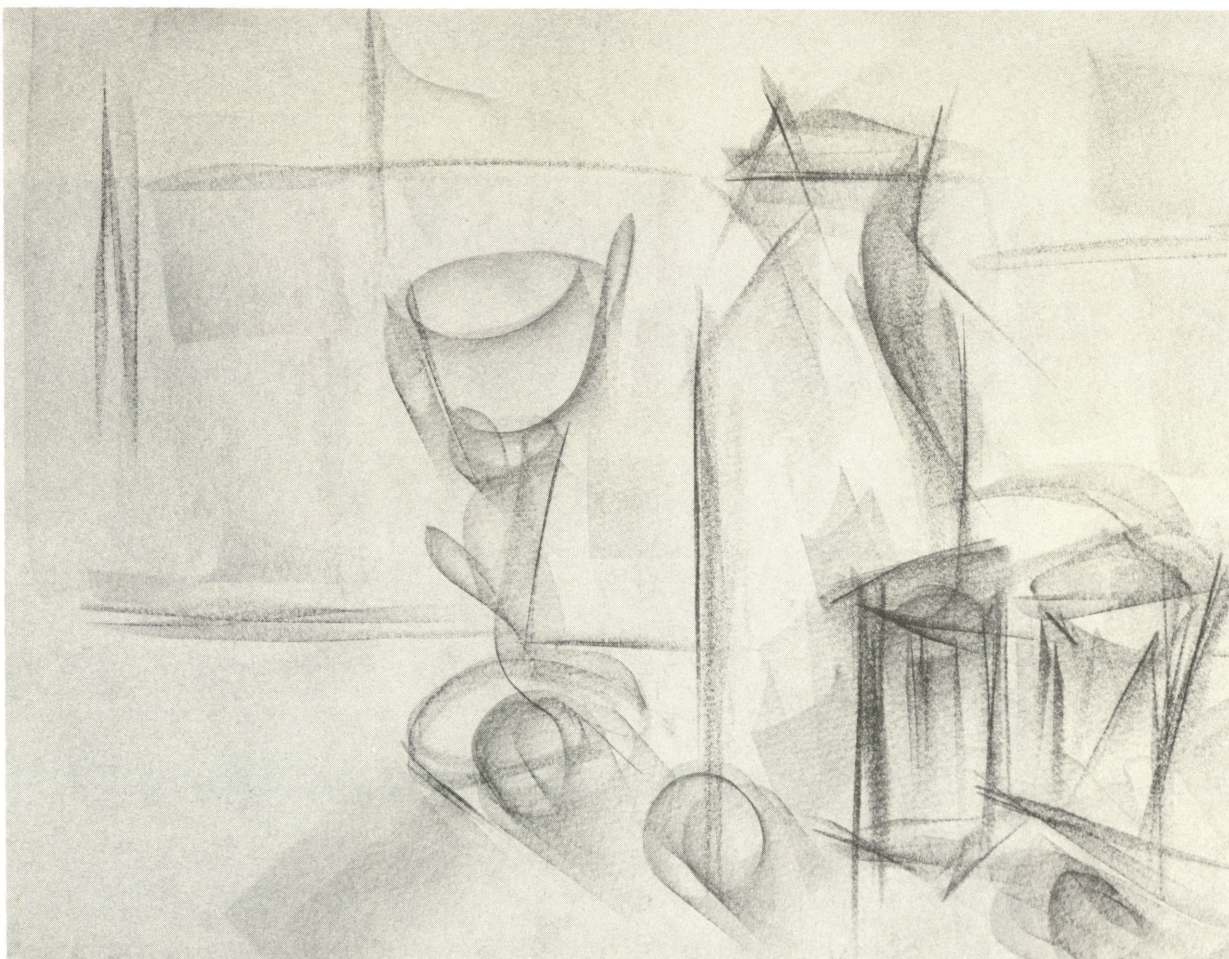


ART



PROGRESS . . .





IN THE ART DEPARTMENT





SYNKA

*Out of the dim, bright future she will come,
Clouded in uncertainty, shining with hope.
The time may be the day before eternity,
Of it may be the week after yesterday.*

*Perhaps like the sun emerging from an eclipse,
Like the retort of a rifle after Taps dies away,
Like the fresh smell of a bakery in an alley,
Like the sharp sea-shell on the smooth, sand beach,
She will burst forth as the spectacular sky-rocket.*

*Again, like fall, she will descend in the quiet rustle
of leaves.
Is she the opium fume that slowly blots and saturates
the brain?
As the moon icily warms the heart, not the body,
As a weapon gives no strength, but comfort,
She envelops the accepting will.*

*A brief glance is caught in passing.
A mannerism, the sweeping wave of the hair,
The turn of her ankle, the shape of an ear,
Are seen and then vanish,
Leaving behind the cherished memory of things to come
And the strengthening hope.
She is all these; yet because they are fleeting,
Because they are singular in others,
They are not HER.*

*But she will come, this I know.
If not, what else have I?
If she does not come, then she has already come.
Nothing more than a dream,
Always Synka —
And yet, Synka, ephemeral and eternal, remains true.*

—John Kachmarik

LIGHTER LIT

— Carol Helmstetter

J. B., by Archibald MacLeish, published by the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., the Sentry Edition, 1961.

"They're rioting in Africa (repeat, this time whistle)
They're starving in Spain . . ."

This cheery little song has been popular for some time and perfectly expresses a common way of looking at the mass suffering going on in the world — the problems of everyday life, however painful, seem pretty insignificant; nothing really matters anyway for "we will all be blown away."

But someone always seems to think that it does matter and asks why — why must people suffer? The classic example of the suffering individual is the story of Job, which is the basis for Archibald MacLeish's poetic drama; the Job of today is *J. B.* The play of that title won the Pulitzer Prize in 1958 and is now out in an attractive paperback edition.

J. B. is indeed the modern-day Job; he is the man who suffers all that the headlines and news photos smear over the front pages. His son is blown to bits in a military accident, four of his children die in a car accident the victims of a drunken driver, and his small daughter is raped and killed by an idiot. And why? Because Satan has said to God that *J. B.* will remain "perfect and upright" only when things continue to go well for him:

Put forth thine hand now and touch
All that he hath . . .

and he will

Curse thee to thy face!

When *J. B.* remains faithful and upright, God no longer exempts his person from suffering — he loses his fortune, his wife, and his body festers with boils in the wreckage of a flood.

What happens to *J. B.* does matter, for "there's always someone playing Job." The force of this play probably derives most from our certain and sad recognition of the people in it; in a sense, *J. B.*'s story is the story of mankind.

Millions and millions of mankind
Burned, crushed, broken, mutilated,
Slaughtered, and for what? For thinking!
For walking round the world in the wrong
Skin, the wrong-shaped noses, eyelids:
Sleeping the wrong night wrong city —
London, Dresden, Hiroshima.

Something we've all seen, in newsreels, if nowhere else. And that is the horror today — the horror of seeing. The role of the witness ("I only escaped to tell thee . . .") strikes home with peculiar intensity; for if there is always a Job, there is also always a witness,

Someone chosen by the chance of seeing,
By the accident of sight . . .

Unprepared, unwarned, unready . . .
and he sees it . . .

"Caught in that inextricable net" by sheer chance, he is involved in spite of himself; there is no way out for him but to play out his role.

MacLeish introduces the theme of seeing in the very first part of the play, which opens with two old actors fooling around with the props used in the production of the play. Nickles finally consents to play Satan

and puts on the Satanmask. Responding to what those eyes see, he says,

If you had seen what I have seen

You'd never laugh again! . . .

Weep either . . .

I know what Hell is now — to see.

Consciousness of consciousness . . .

The hellish thing about it is that this kind of sight is involuntary and just that much more real.

The act of seeing not only involves men as witnesses but as amateur judges; we talk in terms of viewpoint or perspective and say "It's all in the way you look at it." MacLeish has compressed many familiar and opposing viewpoints into the smug arguments of the men who come to "comfort" J. B. Take their discussion of guilt, for example. Does J. B. deserve this sort of treatment? Is he really that guilty? Or does it even matter? Bildad (the "sociologist") has a simple answer:

You may be guiltier than Hell

As History counts guilt and not

One smudging thumbprint on your conscience.

Guilt is a sociological accident:

Wrong class — wrong century —

You pay for your luck with your licks, that's all.

So man is lost in the masses of other men and the reaches of time and space; individuals are simply born of their century, shaped by their class, and guilt is really an irrelevant question.

But guilt is far from irrelevant to Eliphaz, the "psychologist":

Come! Come! Come! Guilt is a

Psychophenomenal situation —

An illusion, a disease, a sickness . . .

For Eliphaz guilt is indeed the cause of much suffering, for it is the disease of mankind; again, man is not responsible and guilt is a cause, not a symptom.

J. B. has a third friend — the "theologian." He challenges J. B.'s integrity — his right even to demand responsibility for his punishment:

You squat there challenging the universe

To tell you what your crime is called,

Thinking, because your life was virtuous,

It can't be called. It can. Your sin is

Simple. You were born a man!

Perhaps in our haste to condemn the first two speakers, we sometimes rush in with the third speaker's proposition. "You were born a man; man sins; therefore, you are guilty." But is that really what is at stake in J. B.'s case? After all, J. B. was the "perfect and upright man."

After he has lost everything, J. B. says,

Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him . . .

But I will maintain my own ways before Him . . .

It is this violent assertion of trust in God and insistence on his responsibility which the Distant Voice answers—answers with the story of His own power and glory. And J. B.'s response to this Voice comes as the climax of the thought of the play as well as the plot:

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear . . .

But now . . .

mine eye seeth thee!

Wherefore

I abhor myself . . . and repent . . .

One might ask if MacLeish is suggesting within the structure of the play some sort of resolution to the problem of suffering, or if he is simply presenting many possible solutions and leaving the reader to

make his own choice between the ambiguities. There is no question that the play abounds in ambiguities; an example is the function of the Godmask, Mr. Zuss, and the Distant Voice, all of whom take the part one would assume is the role of God at various times. One is never certain who is speaking; the Distant Voice apparently speaks independently of the Godmask—which seems to speak independently of Mr. Zuss. Even more basic is J. B.'s position in itself; in a sense, it is because he is perfect and upright that he is the victim of compounded tragedy, yet J. B. comes out of his experience with these words: "and I abhor myself" — because he has seen God.

MacLeish implies that J. B.'s experience is a sort of archetype of suffering endured by the just man; that J. B.'s conclusion is inevitable — is right. And the reason for its rightness is what has eluded man for so many centuries. So our question is, I think, valid: Is MacLeish suggesting a specific answer or approach to an answer or does he merely present all the solutions of the ages, compressed by the technique of poetry and the structure of drama? The high quality of craftsmanship in the play (as I have tried to indicate in some observations on the use of vision) invites this kind of demand on it. Again taking up the motif of vision: Job sees God, and this is the climax of the play. But if seeing is the resolution, remember Nickles' statement, "I know what Hell is now — to see." The obvious difference is in what is seen and the problem is to find what J. B. did see. Perhaps he indicates it in a closing statement: "God does not love; He is." Our problem is solved, we say, here is the answer MacLeish is getting at — it certainly contradicts that familiar New Testament statement that "God is love." But looking at the statement again later, its meaning suddenly seems to shift: "God does not love. He is love." I believe that MacLeish has deliberately given the play a sort of open ending; to fully understand it one must share J. B.'s vision.

*Fall yellow leaves
From your barren trees
You still cling
To dead things*

*Those not yet knowing
Death's release in the sowing
Never know
To let go*

(The sport of watching campus pseudo-intellectuals has become more popular and more refined, until it has begun to develop into an art. Lately there have been numerous movements advocating the formation of a Society to organize the pseudo-intellectual-watchers. Every campus with the minimum number of pseudo-intellectuals will be permitted to start a chapter. Since the sport has only in recent years begun to develop as an art, and since most pseudo-intellectuals do not recognizably develop until the second year of college or later, the Society, as well as the campus chapters, will need to circulate instructional material. The following has been proposed as explanatory literature and an elementary guide for interested freshmen and others unaccustomed to the sport or to the species.)

A Beginner's Guide for Observing Pseudo-Intellectuals

In going afield to watch pseudo-intellectuals, the beginner has not only the problem of getting near enough so that he can see them properly, but also the problem of identifying them.

The pseudo-intellectual walks about freely, and so it is not very difficult to discover one. A problem may arise in getting close without putting him on his guard or antagonizing him. Since he considers himself mentally superior to the common crowd, the pseudo-intellectual holds himself aloof from them; even in a large crowd he remains reserved and distant. The fog he thus creates around himself helps to conceal the approach of the observer, and with practice even the beginner can come up unnoticed. It is nearly impossible to interview a pseudo-intellectual, or to gain information from him by any such direct contact, however. He may sometimes deign to converse with acquaintances whom he considers less plebeian than the general masses, but even on these occasions he remains aloof and sometimes disdainful and contemptuous.

The best way to obtain a full picture of the pseudo-intellectual is to observe him conversing with his own kind in his natural habitat. Every pseudo-intellectual must have an audience in order to function completely, and so he spends most of his time in student gathering-places where he is sure of having a few listeners outside of his own group. He talks in a loud, excited voice, especially when the discussion is very intellectual-sounding. At the same time he maintains a constant awareness of the effect he is producing. He vocally waves names like Barth, Bergson, and Santayana, and plunges violently into arguments over whether the Salinger craze has declined. He insists that Wallace Stevens is "in" again, and scoffs at those who have

not kept up with the literary Trendex ratings. In reality, most of his information comes from book reviews in *Time* and college surveys in *Glamour*. These sources are cleverly disguised by much brow-wrinkling and pinching of the bridge of the nose, to indicate the inner creative and analytical processes of the speaker.

A good pseudo-intellectual-watcher must also be able to identify his subject by other means than group behavior and speech. There are several physical points which are characteristic of the genre. The pseudo-intellectual has evidently spent his high school years in a grub-like existence, buried in books and seldom exposed to the sun, in order to create the necessary chalky complexion. His face must be pale and gaunt enough to preserve the starving-poet image, but he cannot be completely unattractive. The pseudo-intellectual has attained the height of his craft when he can manage to look appealing while at the same time appearing to be in the final stages of consumption. Vigorous and expansive gestures are also a common characteristic, and an aid in long-distance identification when the conversation or features cannot be made out clearly.

Other characteristics vary slightly with the individual pseudo-intellectual. The majority have long hair, generally curly on men and straight on women. If a lock of hair can be trained to dangle fetchingly before the eyes during heated discussions, an earnest, boyish look is achieved. If this is not possible, it is desirable to have the hair thick and layered, to give it the consistency and somewhat the appearance of a shock of hay. This style also gives an earnest, excited look, especially when the hair is made to stand up wildly by running the hands through it. The women's hair always hangs long enough so that it swings freely with every movement, accentuating expressive gestures of the head.

Horn-rimmed glasses are sometimes considered necessary, although this depends on the insecurity of the individual and the number of props he feels he needs. Once popular for giving the impression of intellectuality, they are slowly going out of style.

The preceding suggestions do not pretend to be exhaustive, but rather to serve as a basic guide for beginning pseudo-intellectual-watchers. In the near future, professional watchers will be visiting campuses to lecture on the advantages of observing pseudo-intellectuals, and to encourage the formation of chapters. When a chapter is founded, formal instruction will begin, to be augmented by frequent field trips to study the development of the pseudo-intellectual in his varying environments. We are sure you will find that belonging to the Society will be pleasant and instructive and will bring you lasting rewards.

by Susan Moody

*The LIGHTER went through the files to
dig out the real story behind the picture
on The BEACON Revisited.*



How was I supposed to know the game was at St. Joe? Nobody tells me anything around here.



I can't wait 'til I get to
Advanced Sandbox 115!



Everytime I turn off
Lincolnway, I'm lost!

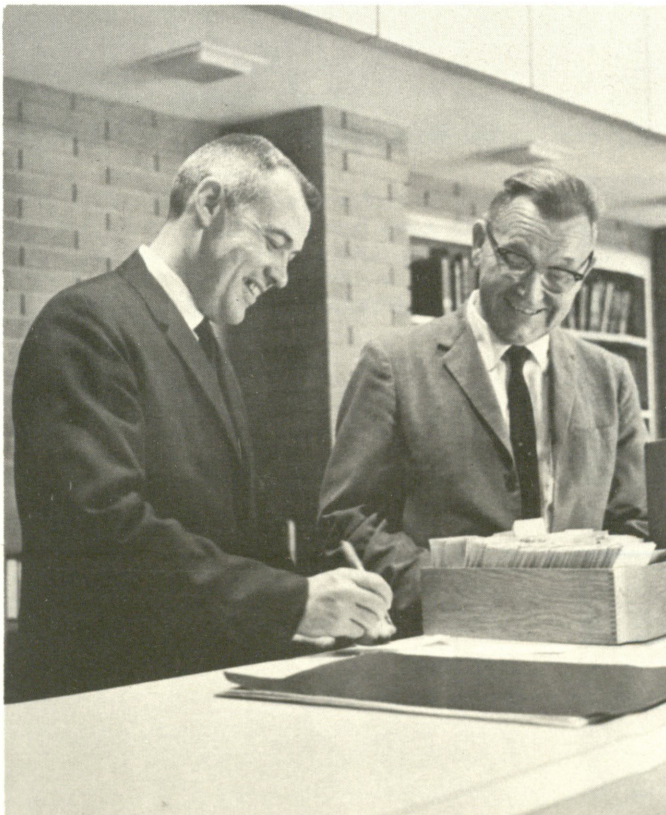


What do you know!
N. T. R. is heresy.



Are you sure it's
Adlai Stevenson?

A man 12 inches tall,
wearing a derby and
carrying a box . . .
of napkins?



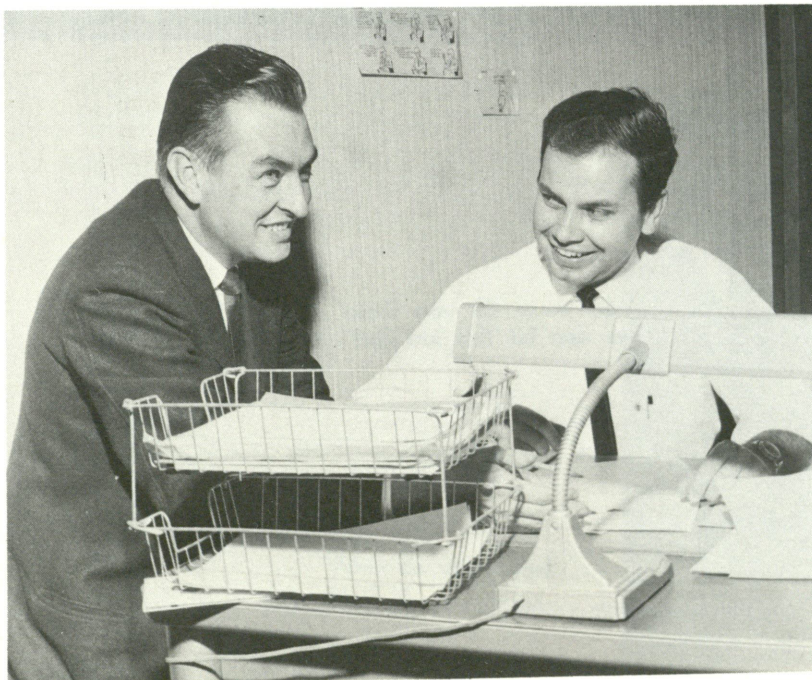
How much do you think
we can hit this kid for?



You're it!



What do you mean "Hand-writing on the wall"?



ANYTHING is
fit to print?

TOWER INTO ETERNITY

— a fantasy

The people who lived before — they built the tower. A tall and slender obelisk of iridescent indestructible metal; it had an inscription on one face, near the base, explaining the purpose behind its creation.

The people built it because they needed a symbol representing eternity in a world full of change, change that left them lost.

The tower endured throughout the history of that race. The people had three great devastating wars followed by uneasy peace. Great men and tyrant alike were forgotten. But the tower was built well by its creators and it endured, endured through storm and war. The symbol meant to represent eternity fulfilled its purpose.

It is a tribute to the greatness of that race that the tower remains unto the present. But even these people, the creators, were not great enough to prevent their own destruction.

The fourth war annihilated them.

The races that followed tried to duplicate the structure of the tower, but were unsuccessful. One race was wiped out by disease, another by war, still another by some caprice of nature. The last race on that planet was doomed from the first; the record says the sun became a nova. . .

But the creators of the tower had built well, and even the cataclysmic force in the interior of the nova did not break down the great forces holding together the molecules in the tower.

The sun was reduced to a cold ash. In the absence of solar gravity, the planets in the system became derelicts in space. Among them was the planet on which the tower had been built. Surely, though the tower had withstood great heat, it would be shattered by the intense cold. But the tower stood unchanged.

Even as I write I remember the excitement attending the arrival of the planet. We were not sure whether it would be caught up by the gravity of our sun or escape to wander once more. The planet staved.

Our scientists, intrigued by the planet, noted a singular pinpoint of light on its surface. They worked madly to develop rockets capable of bridging the distance between the planet and our own.

My companion and I were fortunate to be chosen as the first to go. Our mission was to discover the source of the light and bring it back.

We landed and found the record. It told us about the history of the tower, the history which I have written here. The record says the tower has never been touched by human hands. We are fortunate to have found the record and we hope our race is worthy to endure as the tower has.

The tower was buried under a layer of dust save for the jewellike point, giving forth light — the pinpoint our scientists had observed. The removal of the dust gave us our first glimpse of the tower and the inscription it bore:

"I represent eternity—my destruction will mark the end of the universe."

I reached out and touched the tower with my finger; it crumbled. . .

by Patricia Donaldson

Religious Instruction and

— Chuck Whitman

These thoughts are meant especially for the new freshman class.

The time has come for a re-evaluation of the required two-year course, "New Testament Readings." According to the Department of Religion, the New Testament is meant to play the most important part in the lessons. Supplementary readings are considered secondary, but nevertheless are drawn upon heavily both by instructors in lectures and by students in the weekly essays. A glance at the list of readings reveals their predominantly Lutheran character. In fact, they are all Lutheran except for Lagerkvist and Miller — and half are from Luther himself. Now, don't misunderstand: I'm not attacking either the men or their ideas. But as supplementary material to the New Testament they represent too one-sided an outlook. The required readings should reflect more than the particular convictions of a staff or an administration — or a constituency. (You see, I still live under the illusion that the University religion class is different from the Church catechism class, and this "more" is the difference.) Every last heresy deserves recognition; there is a stewardship of the undesirable as well as of the desirable. In such a spirit President Kretzmann declared at the Cleveland Synodical Convention last June that evolution has to be taught here, whether it is being advocated or not. *This is what it means to be "academic": what is advocated does not limit what is taught.*

Now what kind of religious commitment can we expect this approach to produce? Consider the N.T.R. product as he confronts the Roman Catholic, for example. One of two things will occur. The Lutheran will either (1) reject the Catholic position and maintain his own: or (2) find the Catholic position more appealing — since he has never before heard about Catholicism from a Catholic source — and give up his own. In other words, every N.T.R. fostered commitment is subject to change, as soon as it meets with an authentic spokesman for another creed. Even when confronting one who lacks commitment, the Lutheran will carry little weight who must say: "I'm Lutheran because that's all I've been exposed to." I suggest that N.T.R. does little more than make its students more sophisticated in the same tradition within which they have lived all their lives. It sustains the senseless *skandalon* of a divided Church. Certainly it is the greatest folly for Lutherans to present themselves to the world as Christians when they are this ignorant of others who are doing precisely the same thing.

Indeed, it becomes doubtful whether or not N.T.R. fosters any kind of commitment at all. Acquiescence would be more accurate. Genuine commitment involves convictions about what one does not believe as well as about what one does believe. And he who has not rejected a dogma of Catholicism as a Catholic expounds it is not ready to consign it to the region of

"What I do not believe." Again the problem is not "What N.T.R. presents is false," but "What N.T.R. presents is fragmentary."

For many, the present program merely postpones the inevitable day of reckoning when so-called commitments will be questioned and changed. I say: Push the day of reckoning ahead to the freshman year. Introduce New Testament commentaries from non-Lutheran sources, encompassing at least the more prominent theological tenets of a denominational Christianity. Whether or not they are "right" shall become the proper goal of study. Furthermore, every non-Lutheran commitment based on the New Testament must become a live option for every student. Bluntly, this means risking that Valpo will turn out not only Lutherans, but also Catholics and Calvinists. In fact, it may produce no Lutherans at all. But what other kind of New Testament study is worth undertaking? *A school which attempts to produce Lutheran Christians without giving this kind of consideration to other confessional Christians does not take seriously what the New Testament has evoked in these others, and to this extent it simply does not take seriously the New Testament itself.*

If the Department of Religion refuses to give these others "Equal time," then investigate them on your own. (Who among you would take a medicine without first reading the label — including the fine print, and without first investigating all the available alternatives?) So read Knox and Nygren. Read Augustine and Aquinas, Tillich and Thielicke, Kaehler and Calvin, Pascal and Pelikan, Niebuhr and Niebuhr (and Niebuhr), Irenaeus and Gilson, Schleiermacher and Schniewind, Barth and Brunner and Bultmann. And all the others whose writings don't qualify as supplementary readings of N.T.R. Above all, never let yourself be forced to say at the end of your senior year that all the theology you know is Lutheran theology. Nor let it be said that confessionally you are a Lutheran because you've been exposed only to Lutheran apologetics. There may be a similar reason for your being Lutheran when you came here, but you should have a different one when you leave.

This discussion of the religious element is complete only if we consider the purposes of the University. (And no one claiming "school spirit" can avoid this matter!) According to the University Self-Study, some faculty members stated that "the purposes were too abstract, and were difficult to measure as to attainment." (p. 12) "The purposes of the University should be clarified, and these purposes should then be made well-known to its members. Concrete evidence of real support of purposes on the part of the administration, faculty, and clientele should be increased." (p. 13) Response "pointed rather strongly to the conclusion

the University

that quite a large number of faculty members feel that the purposes of the University are not being attained." (p. 12) Again and again one finds "doubts about attaining the objective." (p. 197-199)

I do not know how purposes should be arrived at. Traditionally, of course, they are dictated by a Board of Trustees or the Founders and that ends the matter. With the present confusion, however, perhaps we would do well to hold a symposium or an Open Forum on "The Purposes of a Christian University" remembering, naturally, to point out how they differ from the purposes of a Plain Old Secular University. We may find one particular objective unavoidable: the greatest possible development of a student's intellectual capacity. No "doctrine of man" could permit less. This means a curriculum that aims at freedom from unrestricted exposure. The Catalog states that the overall purpose of the University is to produce "an effective Christian personality which will leave its mark on society." Honesty requires us to specify "Lutheran personality" since the basic religion course carries that emphasis. A personality guaranteed — through "restricted exposure" — not to be anything else. But this is not all. Restricted exposure also makes the student feel that he has been given the right answers to the problems of his own existence, and thus fosters his acquiescence to that very statement of purpose given above. Telling someone first what he is to become, and then protecting him from external influences, keeps him from questioning what he was told at first. Keeping him from becoming anything else keeps him from desiring to become anything else. This is the way every closed system uses indoctrination to perpetuate itself. This is the treadmill of the Valpo student's life.

This look at Valpo has revealed certain deficiencies. I challenge specifically the Department of Religion to account for its ill-conceived approach to the New Testament, and I also challenge the Lutheran University Association to account for the contradictions between its "academic" theory and practice on this campus. (See *The Lutheran Witness*, June 12, 1962, p. 29.)

At any rate, there must be gotten underway here a "Great Conversation" among all of us about the Idea of a University. We have to get straight on what it means to be "academic," and we need to come up with an entirely fresh concept of "purpose." The Conversation ought to go on until we get a new Catalog (and until that unfortunate statement about "criticism" on page forty-six is gone), but it must not stop there. It must continue on and on, as long as people come to study here. Those of you who cultivate this critical attitude — and a good-natured ire — will generate a skepticism healthy for all of us.

Rose 1219 — Another Rose

*At harvest time, a blustery day
Caught a self-loved crimson rose
Still dressed in unshav'n velvet gay,
Sweet-smelling summer's clothes.*

*The raw wind moaned its funeral song
Each bleeding tear whirled away
The rose now shivered, all alone,
Midst swirling leaves and sun-parched clay.*

*Gone were the bees that she caught hold
With sugar-smelling heart.
And drops had glistened in the gold
Were marked by dusty rings of death.*

*Then she sighed and quickly died,
And brittle and crackling in the cold.
All that remained of her great pride
A wrung-out stump that hushed death's blow.*

— Ralph Long

Reverie Over a Typewriter

*What vague vision of pie-in-the-sky,
what vain delusion, made me think that I
might
like to write?
Why didn't I dream of a future of ease
a career full of glamor, or at least enough dough
so
I could go
and see all the places I've wanted to see,
"Those beautiful places all calling to me"?
But no, I'm writing, or trying to write
and finding that writing is not always quite
a certain-sure way
to brighten each day.
In fact, it is sometimes a blight!
Writing's a nuisance, it's lonesome and hard
and it takes up so much time that I find I'm barred
from enjoying each day
my own way.
I'm quitting. It's made my life quite dull and flat . . .
Say! I could make a story out of that!*

— Jo Anne Hollis

*"Sing a song of Epicure, a pocket full of lies;
Four and twenty payments buys me the sky."
When the sky is opened, and the bombs begin to fall,
The folly of our living will be learned by us all.*

— Geoff Stein

INTROSPECTION

IN

VERSE

*We watched the wetted streets
Through our thinking eyes
And saw the reddened glow
Reflect the misty skys.
Melodies of nothing
Reached our senseless ears,
While untold thoughts of life
Were stealing from our years.
Blue and green will ever meet
Beneath the misty skys,
For blue is deep and green is yet,
And so we close our eyes.*

— Geoff Stein

In time

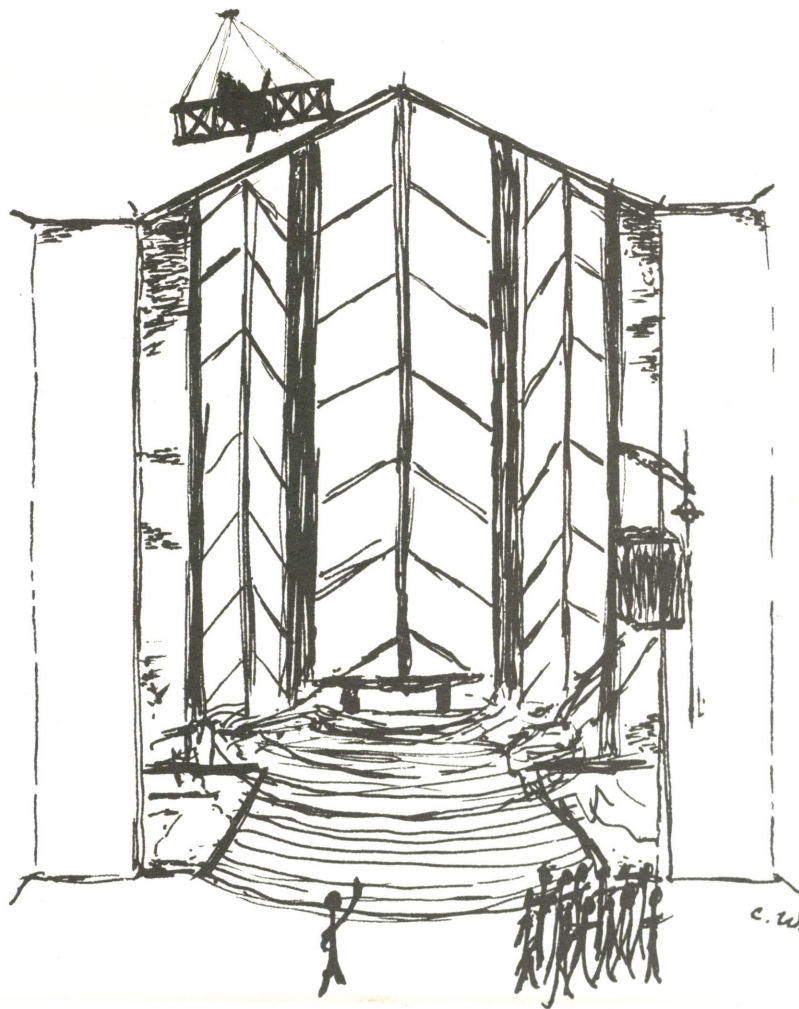
*You will forget;
You will learn;
You will understand.*

*Who pours these blasphemies into the open heart?
Time does not create.
It matures.*

— Carol Vetter

*The pattern of waiting is this —
You watch and hope, and thus:
Wishing will make it so —
Not so.
The watch needs no watching; it moves, but
Slowly, slowly, crepitating through sliding
Slow seconds of time, yet never, never to
The place of happening.*

—Pat Hall



"... And here, my friends, is our most prized possession . . . "The Spirit of Saint Louis . . ."

LAWNMOWER SAGA . . . from page 4

tendants; these guys are smart. They have got their plan laid out the minute they spot me on the horizon. I think they have usually got all ten of their fingers crossed hoping I'll pull into their haven of refreshment. The first time this happened to me, I was on the Ohio Turnpike, and unsuspectingly entered a rest area. By the way, the Ohio Turnpike seems to have an overabundance of these gas-station jokesters-in-the-rough. I guess the VW is still a *rara avis* in the back country. At any rate, I approached the pumps and stopped, unfortunately a bit shy of hose length. This gave my friend, the gas-man, his golden opportunity. "Release your handbrake," he said slyly. Then grabbing my bug with his left hand, no less, he drew it closer to the pumps. Beaming with success, he proceeded to fill the tank and wipe my windshield without having to move to the other side of the car. But the *piece de resistance* was yet to come. After I paid him, he glanced down, startled, at the ground (he was a pretty good actor). "Yer leakin' water." He had caught me off guard and

I replied smartly, "Are you serious?" Any red-blooded mechanic knows that Volkswagens use air for cooling, not water.

Actually I like to think people pick on bugs and bug-owners because they are jealous. Deep down inside they really wish they could be the ones zipping in and out of parking places, saving gobs of cash on gas and never having to winterize.

They also miss that happy experience of having to pry a dead battery out from underneath the back seat. And I had to, day before yesterday, smack in the middle of Memorial's parking lot. After I got it going again, I managed to drive off, cheerily leaving my back seat right there — in the middle of Memorial's parking lot.

So if you should wish to lead a life of constant excitement, of personal satisfaction and achievement, or want to meet fascinating people and open up new vistas of knowledge, you could buy a bug — or you can try homesteading in Alaska.

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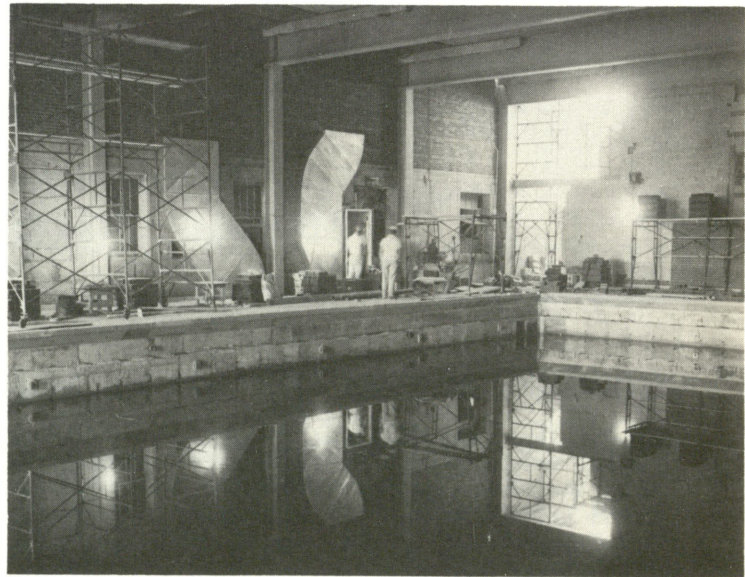


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*You are beautiful
but no one knows your beauty.
You are the gnarled pine on a windswept hill,
strong through the storm, standing unnoticed.
You are the calm sea on a summer's day,
still and placid, deep and melancholy.
You are a child's first spring,
inquisitive, joyful, soft and kind.
You are a hushed summer night
of shy stars and whispered breezes.
You are all these things
And no one knows
But me.*

— Bonnie Thormeyer

